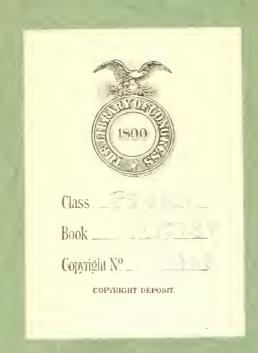
THE STORY OF AN OF RICH



JUDD ISAACS

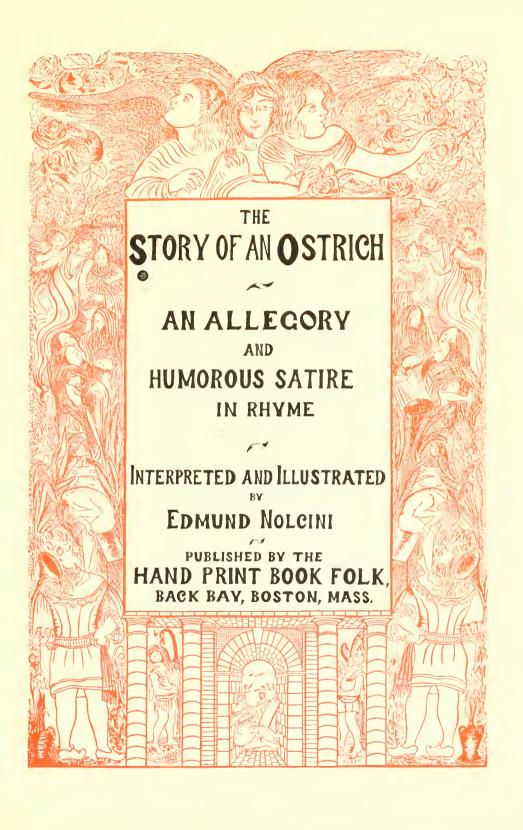












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PUBLISHER'S PREFACE



WHATEVER other merit may be discovered in this book, the publishers desire to call attention to the fact that, as a whole, it is a production altogether unique in a field of endeavor where something new is being constantly sought, but seldom found. The poem is entirely hand-printed in large and legible letters, designedly kept free from ornate fancies and, therefore, particularly easy to read. The hand-printing accords with the adjoining illustrations as angular and machine-made type never does, giving a pleasing and harmonious effect to the entire page, a result not tobe obtained by the ordinary art of the printer. Attention is also called to the illustrations of the Their merely mechanical arrangement upon the page is in itself unusual, we might almost say unknown to the reading public, while the imaginative story that the artist has told in the illustrations that he has contributed, is not only of the real and material world, but also of powers behind the scenes, which offer the motives and even supply the cues of most, if not all of the actors, who perform upon the great stage of life. In this, too, the book is unusual, if not unique,

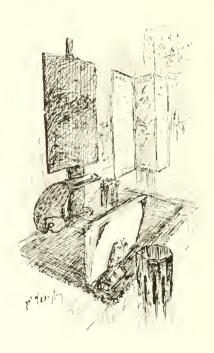
Publisher's Preface

and offers a fertile field to the imagination of a discerning public in connection with the delicious humor of the poem itself.

While, therefore, fully conscious of how far short the volume falls from what might be done in the direction in which it only points the way, the publishers offer it as one of a series now in preparation, of similar works which, it is believed, will be found worthy of more than a few moments of the amused attention of the reader.

THE HAND PRINT BOOK FOLK.

Back Bay, Boston, Mass , October, 1903.



Artist's Announcement



F the reader will pardon an unconventional obtrusion upon his attention for a brief moment, he may be interested to follow somewhat the train of thought in the artist's mind prior to his beginning to illustrate this book.

When "The Story of an Ostrich" was put into his hands, his first impression was, "Here is a merely juvenile theme, to be treated with light, conventional and ornamental drawings, as an adornment to a fairy tale."

As he read it, he gradually perceived a deeper significance concealed beneath the laugh that must inevitably be aroused at the thought of the ridiculous figure of the foolish ostrich pecking away at his homely feet, under the delusion that they are not his own.

The longer he studied and pondered over it, the more was he impressed with the conviction that underneath the simple phraseology of the poem, the author had conveyed a lesson that humanity might well pause and heed. . . In these days of "making many books," how welcome should be that one whose story aims to raise the burden that weighs down the surcharged heart, or seeks to still the fever coursing through the blood of men and women struggling with the complicated problems of life!

"The Story of an Ostrich" is so simple in its form that children may read it with pleasure and profit, thereby

Artist's Announcement

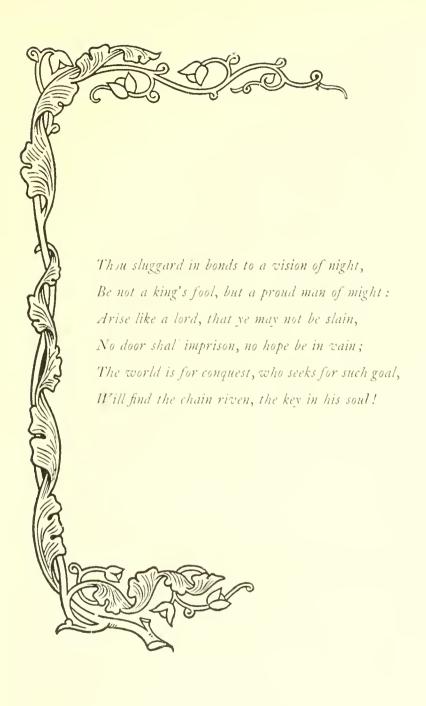
drawing the simpler moral from the tale; while there is also suggested a possible condition of society that shall be attuned to the perfect chord of divine law, through the subordination of individualism in such manner as to produce complete harmony in all human affairs.

In the pride and dominance of the head over the rest of the body, in its scorn of the feet, equally indispensable with the head to the welfare of the whole, the poem has struck at the discordant note of all our human disaffection and rebellion.

When the artist had thus searched and found between the lines the real motive of the poem, it at once became pregnant with allusions and references that suggested artistic elaboration, or pen analysis, of the large area of social life, which the allegory, in its semi-humorous, satirical vein, assumes to cover.

If his pencil seems at times to wander far afield, either in elaboration or disregard of the canon principles of art, his plea must be that the interpretation he has given is according to his carefully studied conception of what the author must have had in mind when writing "The Story of an Ostrich."





THE unknown spake out of the firmament, saying,—
"Choose ye one instrument first, and then attune
another one to it. This accomplished, attune then a third
instrument to them; after that a fourth, and so on; and
ye shall be all attuned alike."

Thereupon, the musicians set to work, but could not agree

as to whose should be the first instrument.

A pillar of fire descended from Heaven and stood in the midst of the musicians; and in the centre of the pillar of fire there appeared an instrument called the All Perfect. The instrument gave forth one note and all the musicians attuned to it. The Voice said, "I have given the keynote, find ye the rest."

The pillar of fire departed. The instruments thus attuned

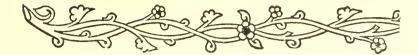
in harmony played rapturously.

This I perceive, to make the man and wife one, to make the village one, to make the state one, to make the empire one,—all in harmony as one instrument, cannot be done without a Central Son, a Creator to attune to, When a man is attuned to Him, and a woman is attuned to Him, they will themselves be as one. When the family and the village are attuned to Him, it is easy. Without Him harmony cannot be,

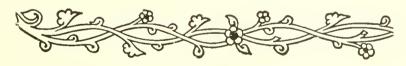
He, the Creator, then, must be first in all things, first in all places. He must be the nearest of all things, the nearest of all places. In our rites and ceremonies, He must be the All Ideal Perfection, the embodiment of a

Perfect Person." - Book of Saphah.

The Story of an Ostrich

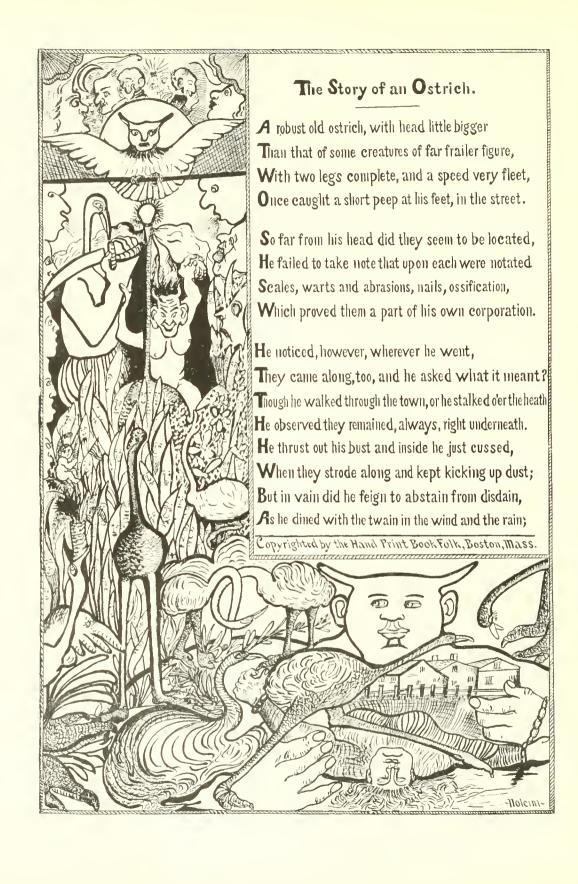


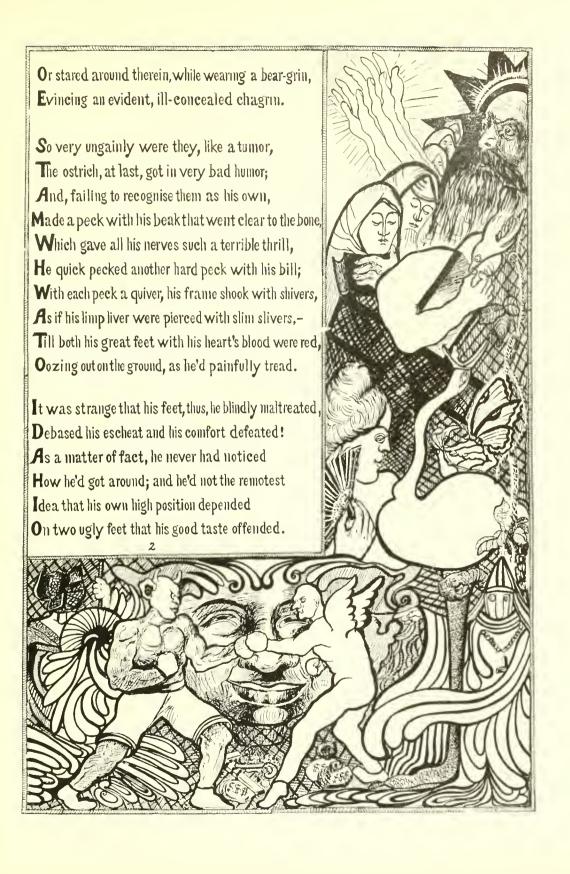




BY

JUDD ISAACS, FORMERLY EDITOR OF THE YANKEE BLADE, NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, NICKELL MAGAZINE.







The Undertone



I.

HE thoughtful student of modern, social, and economic conditions, who reads the accompanying rhymed satire, "The Story of an

Ostrich," will discover in it much more than the mere words would ordinarily convey, and will read into it such measure of philosophy as his own experience and critical study of the problem of human existence may have prepared him for.

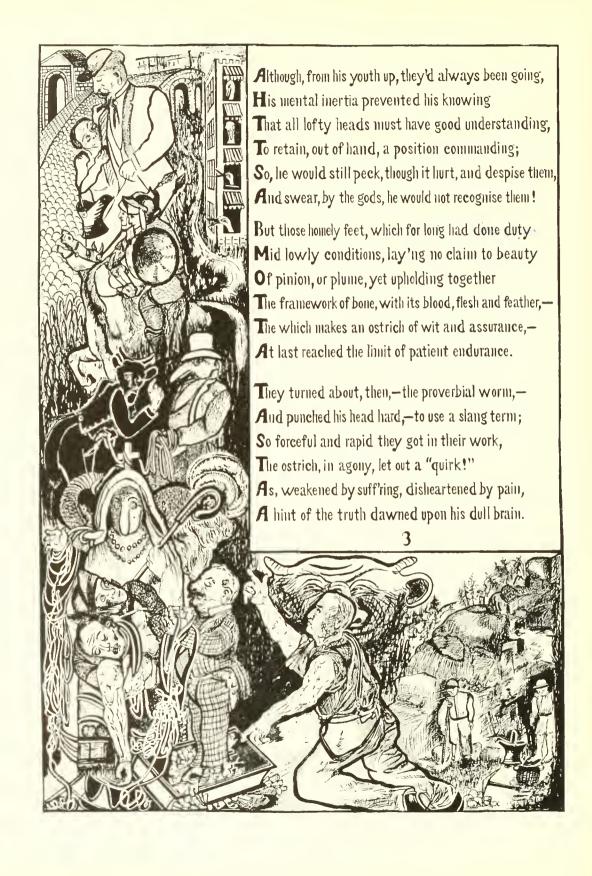
When, ten thousand years ago, the owl sat in the light of the moon and unknown deities spat wisdom into the philosophies of Hermes and Zoroaster and their more or less erudite predecessors, the earliest gods, with their bird-like heads and male bodies, were yet vehicles of truth, elevating the frail stock of humanity over which they threw their benign influences.

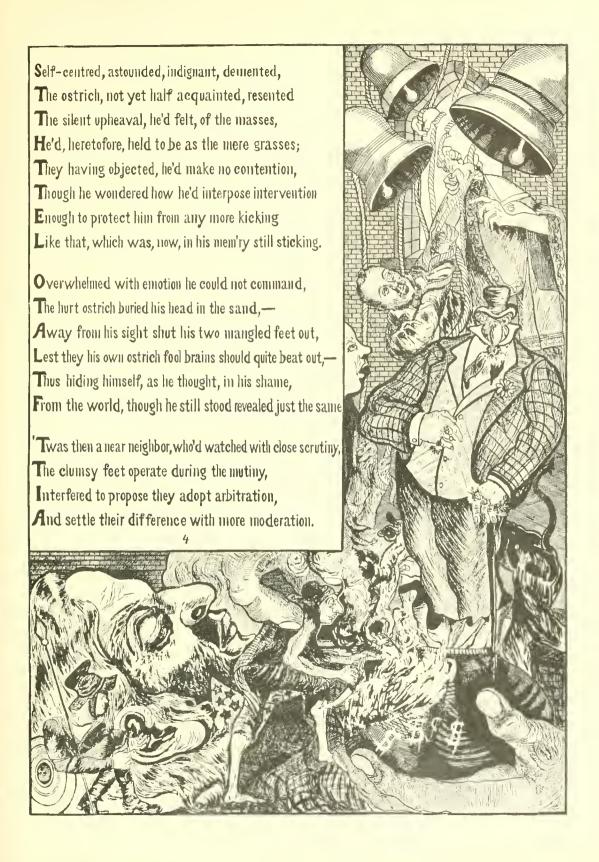
Since recorded history began, the world has had many gods, and many books concerning them have been written, determining by much labor of the head which should be worshiped, rather than impressing the heart with sincere desire to travel in divinely appointed ways. As "the mere grasses," priests and kings have trampled upon the masses—have been at once their masters, their deities and interpreters of deity. Their rank materialism has always complacently overrated itself, while the world, which labors and runs, has ever been chained to and crushed beneath it. Man knew not the power of God within himself.

II.

Many unthinking as well as vicious men, in both ancient and modern times, who have by accident of birth and condition been set in authority over their fellows, or, who have by their own efforts been raised to positions of power and responsibility in the state and among the great captains of industry, have thought to ignore their dependence upon the lower orders of society for the very altitude they have enjoyed — the head refusing, as it were, to consider the feet as a part of the body corporate and entitled to no more than the pleasure of mere existence. Such heads apply no healing balms to weak and wounded









The Undertone

extremities, but proffer, instead, the scourge, *i. e.*, starvation, long days of poorly remunerated toil, squalid surroundings, — in ancient times the guillotine, the gallows and the rack; in modern days, ostracism, the prison and the electric chair. The blood of Christ's divinity flowed that love and mercy might be exemplified, but it cannot sprinkle the world with saving grace, so long as its own herald, the church, continues to say, "Amen!" to the master, and "Peace, be still!" to the slave.

When there crept into the world the first dull, unreasoning sense of injury, — when the underlings of humanity first began to assimilate from the common vein of intelligence that made them one with the body, a sensible desire for recognition on the ground of equality, they were promptly denied any part whatsoever in the material and spiritual accretions of generations of labor; and then was inaugurated the revolt that has been prolific through all past time, of war and misery, of violence, pillage and murder.

III.

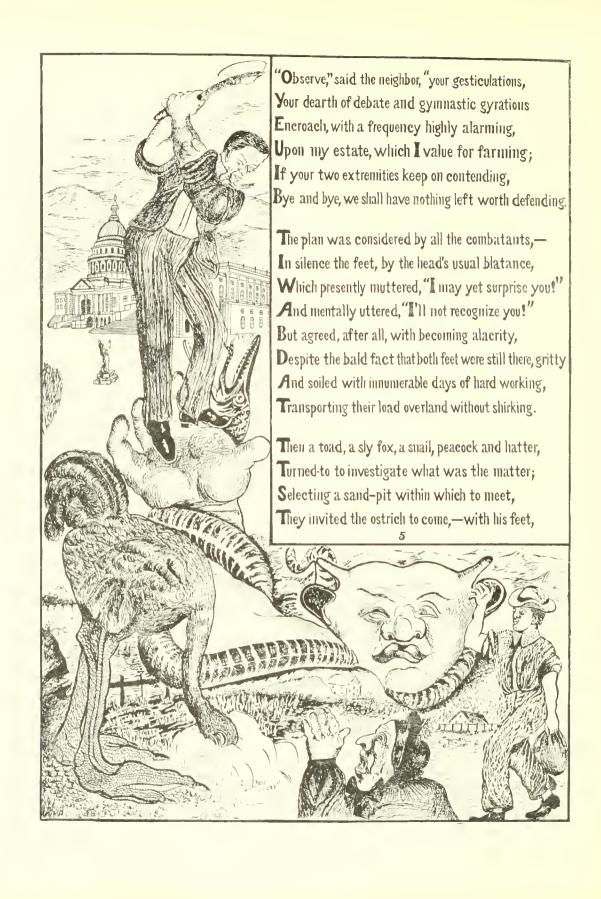
In the light of experience the heads of humanity have seldom profited by the tutelage of whips and blood and opposed to their selfish material interests, they have held not their Bibles in their hands, where the light might illumine its pages, but have placed the sacred book under their feet while making prayers to stocks and bonds. But the knights-errant are in the saddle, and with the true spirit of knighthood they may be found in the thick of the politic battle, where they are making clear the path for greater powers that shall follow with purging force to cleanse the great body and through a long and cruel strife

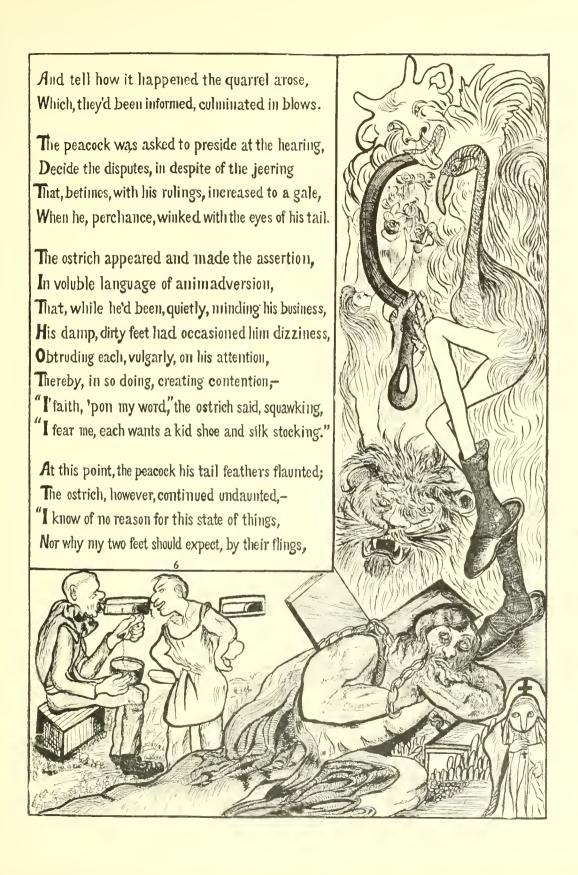
IV.

establish the contentious parts in truth and unity.

Mighty powers of the state are asleep at the post of duty, when, lo! an issue arises,—the mice are in the government meal-bag,—the spirits of fire and distraction are abroad; wealth and power are being attacked from beneath! The great hand of the law reaches forth to seize upon the offender and to snuff out his little, palpitating human life, that, far from being the cause, is only a symptom of the real malady. The cause still exists, the cancer of the state still invites new vermin to feed upon its sore.









The knight prophesies and expostulates in the public ear, but Uncle Sam still sleeps, though perchance with uneasy dreams. The great forces which evolve the tramp and the ignorant emigrant are still at work, while the devil holds the match to the combustible elements of soulless greed. Bye and bye there will be a great hue and cry of fire, with much ringing of bells.

V_{\star}

Uncle Sam is now awake and doing in earnest. The rankness of materialism breeding from the earth, a thing of great and dreaded power, of craft and slime, recoils upon the land of which it has been begotten and now boldly erects its head to encompass the state in its death-constricting coils.

Even the old lady, who is wont to knit her stockings in peace by a hardwood fire, or by the glowing coals of an open grate, in city or town, alike, peaceful and content, and without consideration of the vexing problems of supply and demand, awakens suddenly to the fact that even a comfortable competence is no surety against want and cold, when the serpent has dragged himself into the garden and garner house of God.

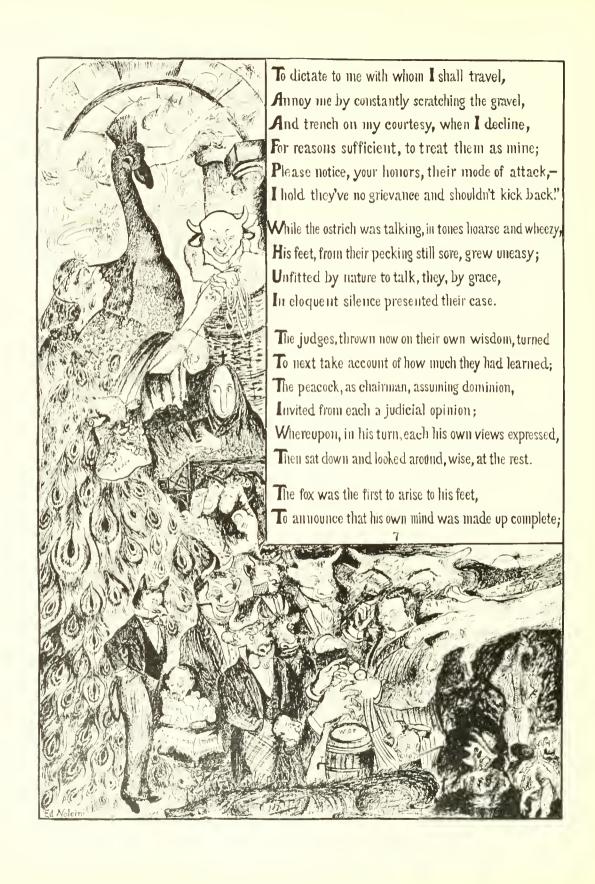
The Undertone

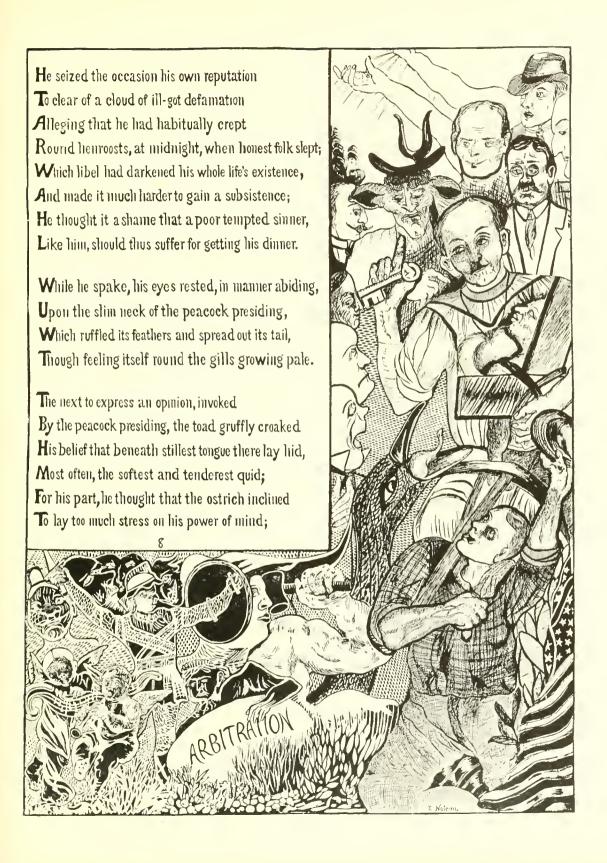
The farmer is aroused and indignant, but when he makes his protest, the serpent flies pursuit, and with a changing policy under the guise of a great, foolish bird and a well assumed air of innocence, buries its small and crafty head for a season in the sand.

VI.

Really, it seems ridiculous that this incessant warfare of man against man should go on,— the head casting aspersions upon the feet, and the feet kicking against their own head, to the mutual affliction of themselves and the great body that holds them together in the firm compact of common life. . . . This is not God's law, but man's supreme selfishness,— his disobedience and his curse. After all, kid shoes and silk stockings are not elective privileges; and poorer humanity, turning under its cross and chains, appeals to Heaven, not in vain, if we read aright the signs of the times. The air resounds with optimistic teachings and words of love and cheer that, as yet, have no guarantee in actual deeds. In contra-distinction to the Christian creed, "we must look out for ourselves," is the rasping gospel of our latter-day faith.









But there are those who work as well as preach, and to such may yet be recorded the service of universal peace.

VII.

In solemn convocation met, stand the mighty men of our realm, with the policy of the bull, of the bear, of the wolf and of the fox, each animal, according to the nature of its disposition, awaiting the opportunity of power and spoliation, by which he may grasp and hold to himself, as his own personal increment, all that can be wrested from the state and humanity at large. The state, itself, in principle wise, majestic and supreme, petitions peace of the leering devil, who constantly juggles with the tape of human selfishness, as waiting angels record the devious courses that nations and individuals take.

Behold, how pressed on all sides is the man of the hour in the grasp of the huge, overbrooding, material powers of self-interest.

VIII.

Confusion still reigns, but labor has risen from the cross and comes to legislation. He dreams of conquests that are chimerical, where the shadowy knight of honor contests the field with the disgruntled spirit of melancholy,

who pessimistically broods the unhatched egg of arbitration. Agitators and agitations still hold sway, while Satan in their midst dominates the human idea of progress and reform with the accursed principle of Self, that is in itself Self-destroying.

IX.

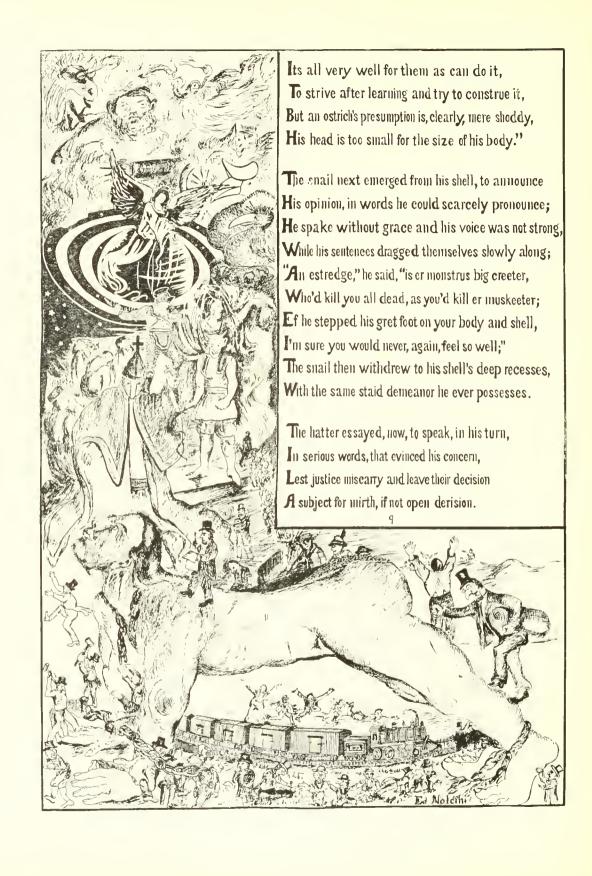
When, now, the monster spirit of protest begins to show its gigantic figure, high, low, and middle classes are alarmed. Prices fluctuate, business goes down, work and bread are scarce. Behold, in the heavens appear the gruesome phantoms of war. But so far, in every crisis, messengers from worlds beyond have sanctified the impending woe to the world's welfare.

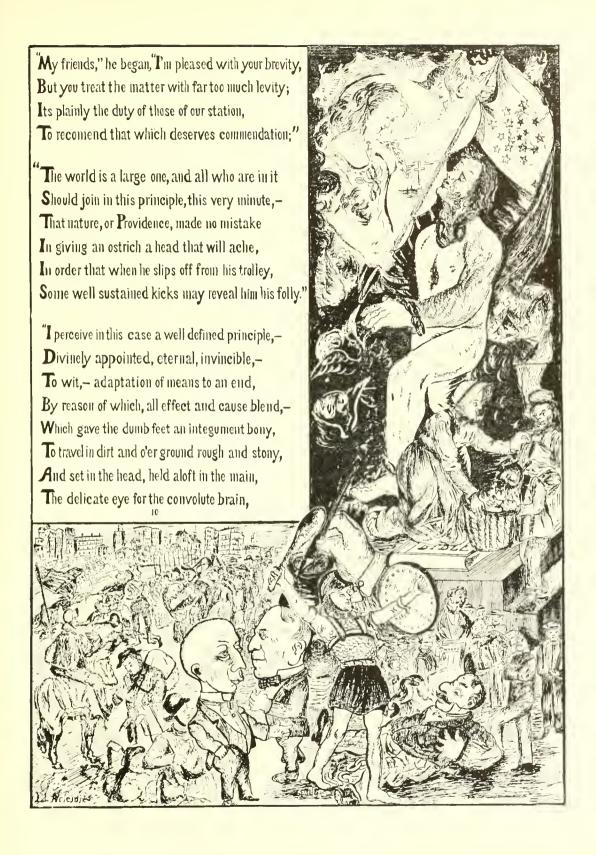
The tides of progress are in the hands of the Infinite, who measures from cycle to cycle their ebb and flow: while the ever rising tide-mark signifies the ultimate in-undation of the millenium. How great is God! How small is man in his own councils!

X.

By the loss of men and money mighty men are upset, and the wise among them are made to look grave. In









The Undertone

the day of judgment, in the overturning of the kingdom and principles of the world they inhabit, no one knows what to think. Apprehension and gloom are on all the faces that meet in the populous thoroughfares of trade; but the public school, the pen, and the power of the press have so raised the standard of common intelligence, that there is a steady advance and progress, animated by its inspiring, though still shackled Spirit of Protest. It has entered of its own volition into the service which makes for the unity of powers working jointly in Heaven and upon the earth, and our beautiful flag shows only the transfigured light of the stars.

XI.

To separate the head from the feet, labor from capital, or to inaugurate war between them, brings about such confusion and distress as can only be likened to the great body of humanity being continually brewed by Satan in an enormous caldron kept hot by the fires of revolution. All evil being ultimate good, the process, though one of renovation and purification, is bitterly painful to the innocent as well as to the guilty. In the determined revolt of

The Undertone

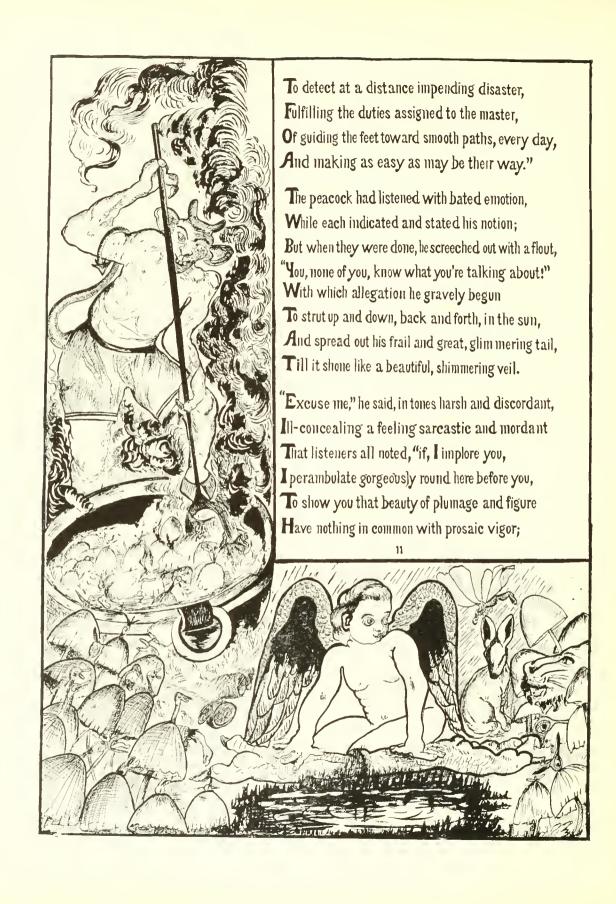
the feet of humanity against the head, it has always been discovered that the head was too small for the size of the body: and that the bulky feet carry with them, when aroused to action along the lines of self-defence, a tremendous barbaric force and cruelty. Witness the fearful revolts of society that have brought the issue to a test. In the cosmical alembic of human jurisprudence, there must be mixed with lofty and divine sentiments a recognition of our mutual dependence and accountability, not of man to man, only, but to something higher than his humanity, a perfect and divine law to which that humanity may be harmoniously attuned. God, dominant in love that is not calculating, but universal and free as the air we breathe and without taint of prejudice, can alone amalgamate the differences of these varying tones, - wielding them together into a perfectly melodious theme.

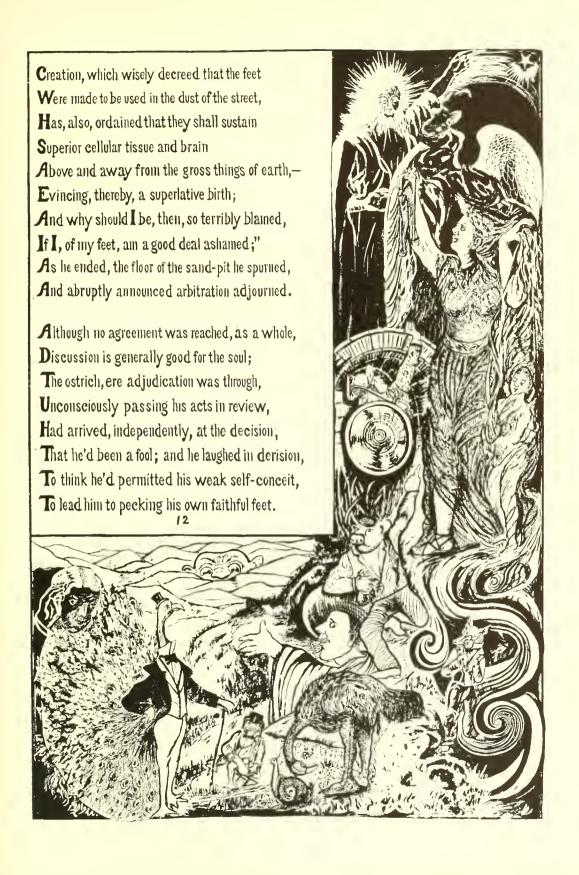
He is, indeed, the tuning fork that shall put the instruments into perfect tune.

XII.

The age has reached a point of reason so far as councils may serve to settle the differences between the head and the feet; and the waiting world stands with attentive ear









to hear the judgment of such councils of mankind; great and small are its representatives, and progress will be made only so far as the religious idea proclaimed in Judea shall be allowed to influence the pride and passions of men.

XIII.

The waiting knight, emblem of the new manhood just entering upon its estate of resolution and responsibility. is the type of a generation now setting forth in quest of high and honorable adventure. Satan is at his back, thrusting forward a bag of gold and counselling the pursuit of wealth; "Put money in thy purse!" saith the devil; "all else counts but little,—put money in thy purse!" At his left hand stands the priest in his splendid robes of office, proffering the symbol of suffering and self-renunciation. The knight sees the frozen church with ascetic and veiled superstition as its hand-maidens: the star of Bethlehem still shines out of the dark upon a mighty hand reaching out of the clouds to shake to its foundations the edifice of Christ, emblazoned with the letter and the creed, but supported by the pomp and pride of a purely material world. "The zeal of his house hath eaten him up," and in the majestic temple sits the money changer, absorbed in his trade and his material enterprises. Before him kneels the imploring angel of Freedom, raising the flag of the great republic, with ail its portents and promises, symbolically arrayed in its stripes and stars. Uncle Sam is but a puzzled and quizzical spectator of future events.

XIV.

The battle between the head and the feet results, at last, in the fall of Satan, that is, Self, under the God-principle of self-renunciation, working in all human creeds and canticles, foreshadowing the unity of the race in the power of the religious idea that has, at last, become dominant in the head. The cross, no longer an emblem of suffering but of power, unites with the crown in a final union of church and state. Here behold the wedded bliss of the long divorced pair, presaging a new and glorified race of man. Then, indeed, the baptismal story of man's hoary and ancient glory in Eden shall usher in that gracious day, when the lamb and the lion shall gambol together, and there shall be in all the earth neither murder, nor theft, nor plunder, nor war.



